

The souls of all were sad in solemn prayer,
Owning the mercy of their Lord divine;
While in his holy presence so benign,
The tribute that was due they offered there.
My heart till then was free from every care,
Till then my fate had traced an equal line,
When lot some eyes, too high and pure for mine,
Assunted all my reason, unaware.
The novel vision struck me wholly blind. The novel vision struck me wholly blind: From strangeness sprang the magic charm dis-

played

By that soft presence, all angelical.

And can I no alleviation find?

Chi why in births hath Human Nature made Difference so great, and we her children all: —From the Portuguese of Camosus.

A DESPERATE FIGHT.

in the year of 1846, Siecinski, Bogdaszewski and I, with three Russian soldiers who guarded us, occupied a small shed near the great distilleries of Eksterminski-Zovod, in

We were Polish nobles and Polish patriots, and had each passed separately the trial and imprisonment in irons which had followed our participation in the conspiracy of 1840-1. Siecinski and Bogdaszewski preceded me to Siberia, and there, alas! I left them.

I pass over the first five years of my exile, with its toils and trials, and will merely observe that the permission to build and occupy a dwelling apart had been granted to my two friends and myself as a reward for diligence and good conduct. Our three guards never left us by day or night, but they drew apart during the long

evenings, and either slept or feigued to do so, while we talked together of our beloved country and the irrevecable past.

Of one subject, and that the one probably most constantly in our minds, we never spoke at all. No one of us whispered the word "escape," and I do not yet know whether my two friends have succeeded in doing so or not. But this I know, that if still in capevery day the exile's problem, when and how to escape! Alas! how many die without solving it! From the moment of my arrest I had resolved upon flight, and a knowledge of the terrible punishments inflicted by the Russian government, not only upon fugi-

My occupation during the last four years of my imprisonment had been that of cor-responding clork in the Burenn of the Distil-leries, and I had in that way been brought in contact with merchants and peasants from all parts of Siberia, and had acquired a very thorough knowledge of the reography of the country, of its customs and its inbubitants. In the latter part of the year 1845 I had made three attempts to escape, which, fortunately for me, remained undiscovered and

tives, but upon all who aid a fugitive, had

induced me to determine to take no one into

These failures were, however, of use to me, since in consequence of them I was induced to try the reute which proved the way to freedom. The choice of a route is of the greatest consequence to a fugitive when be-ginning his perilons fourney. The high read from Siberia to the center of Russia is the one oftenest taken, because the most direct and the easiest. But for this very reason it is incomparably the most dangerous. The surveillance there exercised by the government is one of unceasing vigilance, and it is ably econded by the inhabitants, whose zeal and rapacity are continually on the alert. The Tartars have a saying with regard to the fu-gitives from Siberia, "If you kill a squirrel you have but his single skin, but if you kill a 'carnak' " (a term of contempt applied to prisoners), "you have three—his clothes, his shirt and himself" (the reward for giving up the man to justice). Five other roads remained, all less dangerous than the one above nlinded to, but far more difficult and weari-some. I decided to go northward, across the Oural mountains and the steppes of Petchara and Archangel to Archangel, a route which was not only the least used, but had also the immense advantage of being the shortest, for, once at Archangel, I hoped to be able to

ways to be found in that port. one by one, with great secreey and no small difficulty, the articles indispensable to my

First among these was a passport. The Sifrom village to village, and another, scaled with the imperial arms, and bearing the government stamp.

I succeeded in fabricating the one and the other. I also procured a Scherian wig, that is to say, the bood called wig worn by all peasants in Siberia. It is made of sheep's hide, the wool turned inward, and covers the forehead down to the eyes, and comes well forward over the cheeks, making-for any one not in the habit of wearing it-a disguise almost as complete as a mask and domine. I had also succeeded in procuring a peasant's costume, and had accumulated the sum of 180 rubles (about 200 francs)—a small sum for such a long journey, and destined to be diminished still further by a fatal accident.

On the night of the 8th of February, 1846. I crept out of the but while my companions were sleeping. My enterprise was a despernte one at any time, and I had selected this month because of the great yearly fair at Irbit, which attracted a cast crowd of people from all parts of Siberia among whem I hoped to pass unperceived. I were three shirts; the cuter one lung over my heavy pantaloons of Russian cloth, and my peasant's waisteout and "armiak" in short burnoose of sheepskin soaked in tallow) were bound round my waist with a red, black and white woolen sash. Long boots of tarred rawhide met the edge of the "armiak," and on my wig I were the round cap of red velvet, bordered with fur, which every Siberian peasant sports on fete days. An enormous furred pelisse, the collar of which was turned up and tied round my neck with a handkerchief, furred gloves and a heavy stick completed my accounterment. In the leg of my right boot I had a poniard, my money was in my waistcoat, and I carried a begicontaining a pair of pantaloons of blue linen, a shirt and a pair of boots, as well as some bread and

I slipped neiselessly out of the hut and the high road immediately.

It was freezing hard and bitter cold; the bright moonlight glittered on the snow. I soon crossed the frozen Irtisch, and walked at a rapid pace along the high road, reflecting that the nights in Siberia were long, and calculating how far I could go before daylight, when my flight must inevitably be dis-covered. Suddenly I heard far behind me the noise of a sledge advancing at full speed. I shuddered, but nevertheless resolved to hall it when it passed m. I was saved that

"Where are you going?" said the pensunt who drove the sladge, coming to a dead halt

"To Tara." "And where do you come from?"

"From the village of Zalininia." "Give me 60 kopeks" (10 cents), "and I will take you to Tora, where I am going myself." "No, it is too dear; fifty kopeks" (8 cents),

"If you like."
"Very well; get in, quick;" I did so and the horses set off at a tearing gallop. The road was smooth as a polished floor, the cold stinging; in half an hour we were at Tara. The peasant left me in the street and drove off. I approached the window of the inn, and shouted in a loud voice,

after the Russian fashion: "Are there borsen!"

from the interior.
"To the fair at Irbit."

"Yes, a pair." "How much the verst?"

"Eight kopeks," "I cannot give so much: six kopeks?"

"Too little-but-you can have them."
In a few minutes the horses were ready and harnessed to the sledge.
"Where do you come from?" said the land-

lord, as I took my place in the sledge. "From Tomek; I am the clerk of the Messrs N—. My master has gone on to the fair, and I am very late; he will be angry; and if you reach there in time, I will give you a pourhoire."

"The peasant whistled to his horses, and they set off at full speed. Suddenly the sky clouded over, the snow began to full, the wind rose; we were in a whirlwind of light, fine snow. My peasant lost his way, and then lost heart, and confessed that be had done so. I will not attempt to describe the terrible agony of that night passed in a sledge, not twelve miles from Ekaterininski-

Zoved, in the midst of a tempest of snow.

At last day began to break. "Let us return to Tara," I said; "I will engage some one who knows the road, and you shall be given up to the police for having made me lose so much time."

But by daylight my conductor recovered himself, and found the read. From that moment he made every effort to make up for the time already lost, and drove with lightning speed. But I was not satisfied. What fugitive ever is so! A horrible thought baunted me. I remembered the fate of our poor Coi. Wysocki, who, after having been delayed for a night in the forest by his guide, was delivered in the morning to the gendarmes. Was I to be so treated? and I grasped my poniard. Vain fears! unjust suspicious! My peasant drove me to an inn, shere I drank some tea and changed horses. In this way I drove on all through that day and far into the night, where, at my last halting place, the village of Soldatskaia, I was, while drinking ten in a crowded cabaret, robbed of forty rubles in paper (about eighty francs) and of the envelops in which they were contained, which, alast also contained a list of the villages through which I had to pass on my journey to Archangel, and also

One thing sustained me in the face of this terrible loss, and that was the utter impossibility of doing anything but go on. I contimed my journey, therefore, and on the third day of my flight found myself at the gates of Irbit, and a thousand kilometers from Ekaterininski-Zovod. "Halt! and show your passport!" exclaimed the guard at the city gate. Fortunately for me, he added in a whisper, "Give me ten hopeks, and be off

I lastoned to comply with his demand, and soon after found myself in a crowded inn of the pocrest class and among a swarm of peasants from all parts of Siberia. I an-nounced that I had left my passport with the authorities, and the next morning after breakfast I slipped out, avowedly to get it and show it to the landlord, but really for the purpose of leaving Irbit, which I did at so, and unchallenged, by the northern c. During the night, while apparently asleep, I had reviewed my resources, and had come to the conclusion that I could no longer proceed in sledges nor sleep in even the poorest inns, but must husband to the utmost the 125 francs which remained. I walked therefore all through the day, from time to time munching the frozen bread and dried fish which I carried in my bag, and quenching my thirst at the holes cut by the peasants in the ice for the purpose of watering their cattle. When night began to draw in I re-solved to prepare an Ostiak burrow to

Where the snow is deep and dry it is not by any means impossible to sleep warmly in the very heart of a forest, provided always that one knows how to prepare an Ostiak currow. This is done by hollowing a sort of horizontal cave in the snow. Into this the Ostiaks creep, and after piling up the snow at the entrance of the burrow, so as to exclude the cold air, they lie down and sleep in perfect security and warmth. I succeeded perfectly in preparing my Ostiak bed, but I was improdent enough to cover myself with the furred side of my polisse turned inward, and elept so warmly in consequence that the snow for, once at Archangel, I hoped to be able to moited at the door of my burrow and let in escape in one of the many foreign ships alwith my feet almost frozen, and had to rise and begin my journey at once. It was a terrible day. The work of tolling through the snow was hard enough, but toward noon rose the terrible fcy wind of Siberia, which drove in my face with blinding force, and berian possant is fond of traveling, and the whirled masses of dry light snow before it. law requires him to be provided with two Still I toiled on. The short day was closing passports, one for small distances, that is, in when I had to confess to myself that I must rest or die. Fortunately I was near a small solitary but, and I knocked at the door. It was at once opened by a young woman, and her mother in the Russian fashion, and in reply to the usual inquiry where I was coing, and "where the good God was leading the government of Tobolsk, and was going north to the iron foundries of Bohotsk. woman gave me a hot supper, and I had the infinite relief of being able to dry my clothes. I then stretched myself on a bench and fell asleep, with an indescribable sensation of relief and contentment. I thought that I had neglected no precaution, nevertheless the women began to suspect me. had four shirts-too great luxury for a Scherian. I was sinking into a deep sleep when I was awakened by a rude grasp on my shoulder, and saw myself surrounded by

four peasants, who demanded my passport. "And what right have you to demand my passport?" I exclaimed, in feigned anger. "Is ne of you a government officer?"

"Is that true?" I asked, turning to the old

peasant woman. Yes; they are from this village." "Well, then," I replied, "I will tell you that my name is Lavrenti Kouzmine, from the government of Tobolsk, and that I am going to Bohotsk to sock work."

"Forgive us, little father," responded the peasanta. "We are excusable, you see, for there are often escaped convicts about." The rest of the night passed comfortably and quietly, but the next morning I breakfasted and hade farewell to the women, with the melancholy certainty of passing my

nights in future in the heart of the forest."
The demand for a passport had shown me how dangerous it was for me to frequent the haunts of men. For many a night afterward, therefore, the Osnak burrow was my erept round a crossway in order not to gain | sole refuge, and I became so accustomed to it that at close of day I entered the forest as if it were a well known bestelry.

From the 15th or 16th of February to the first week in April I journeyed northward.

one thrice venturing to seek shelter in a I suffered much. The absence of all civil sed comforts, and especially of hot food. a privation more difficult to bear than any other on such a long, cold journey, almost brought me to the grave. Then, too, I had constantly to struggle against that disposi-tion to sleep which is death in such a case as

It was at Paouda, high up in the Oural mountains, that I slept in a bouse for the second time after leaving Irbit. I was passing late at night through a village, when a voice from one of the irbas (buts) called out: "Who goes there?"

"A traveler." "Are you going far?"

"Oh, very far."
"Well, if you choose, come in and sleep in

"May the good God reward you?" I ex-cinimed as I entered the door. "But shall I not be a trouble to you?"

"How should you trouble us! We are not yet in hed. Come in."

My two good, kind hosts-an old present and his wife-gave me a meager supper, "Where to got" responded a sleepy voice | which was to me a feast. In the morning I breakfasted with them, and for ny food and bed they refused any recompense. As I pre-pared to leave them the old man said: "A little beyond Paoudo you will find a corps de garde, who will look at your papers and give

you all information about your journey."

I was, of course, very careful to avoid the corps de garde, and journeyed on as before, buying my provisions at the izbas during the day, but sleeping in the forest at night.

I reached the summit of the Oural moun

tains on a clear, calm night in March. The moon was at the full, and lit up a landscape at once magnificent and strange, where gigantic rocks and trees cast their shadows on a vast expanse of snow. A silence pro-found and solemn reigned over all. Every now and then a hard metallic ring was now and then a hard metalic ring was audible. It was the snapping of the stones caused by the intense cold. A few days afterward I passed through Solikamsk, and went on over the steppe of Petchara toward Veliki Oustioug. The journey was always the same, the same vast snow covered plains, the same deep forests, the same icy winds, and for me always my tollsome march, my Ostink burrow, and now and then a less me ger repast in an izbouchka (a sort of peasant

These izbouchkas were my greatest temp-tation. I dared not think of sleeping in them. But a little hot soup! Howardently I longed to stop and buy some, and eat it in a warm room! I could not venture to do this often, and one night when, after losing my way m a whirlwind of snow, I found myself without bread, and racked by acute pain as well as hunger, I writhed in my burrow and prayed for death. When morning broke I found that I could not walk. After several attempts I sank unconscious on the snow How long I lay there I do not know. I was aroused by a loud voice. A stranger stood beside me, who inquired what I was doing in

I answered that I had lost my way; that I was from Tchordine, and was making a pil-grimage to the monastery of Solovetsk, but

that I was dying of hunger.

"It is not surprising that you should have lost your way in such a storm," answered the man. "I do so often, though I am from this district, and know the forest well. Now

taste that." So saying, he held a bottle to my mouth, and I drank. It contained some excellent brandy, which revived me at once, but at

good God reward you!"
"Eh! for what then?" he answered, kindly.

"We are Christians." the izbouchka, where he bade me farewell, recommending me to God.

An immense relief was mine as I crossed the threshold of the izbouchka, but I had scarcely done so when I fell senseless on the floor. I recovered in half an hour and asked for some warm soup, but I could not swallow it. I fell asleep on a bench at midday, and never stirred for twenty-four hours, when I was wakened by my host, who was anxious, He was an honest man, and his kindness and sympathy redoubled when he learned that I was making a pious pilgrimage to the mon-astery of Solovetsk. He begged me to stay l days, but I dared not do so, and on the following morning I resumed my journey. I reached the gates of Veliki-Oustioug on the 11th of April, and there in my role of pilgrim lodged in a humble inn with many others, all bound for the monastery of Solo-

to remain for a month in order to awais the thawing of the Dvina. The month over, I agreed, as did many other pilgrims, to row in a boat going to Archangel. Each of us received 15 rubles We reached Arckangel in a fortnight, and most of my com-panions pressed on to the monastery. I pretended fatigue, and for several days I haunted the quays in the hope of discovering a French vessel. Alas! not one was in port, and on the deck of every vessel, Russian and foreign, paced a Russian soldier, armed to the teeth. This precaution is taken in order to prevent the escape of exiles by way of Archangel. After a week passed in this manner I became aware that I was watched, and I decided most reluctantly to abandon the hope which had hitherto sustained me, that of escaping from the port of Archangel. I. therefore, in order to disarm suspicion, took the road to Solovetsk. I had not then docided what to do, but as I journeyed on I came to the conclusion that the safest plan would be for me to make the pilgrim journev, as it is called; that is, to go from Solovetsk to Onega, and thence to the shrines of Novgorod and Kiew. The pilgrim disguise had hitherto served me well, and it continned to do so.

I never reached Solovetsk, but took boat at Vytegra (opposite Sciovetsk) for St. Petersburg. I with several other pilgrims was engaged to row, and as we were paid fairly well, I arrived at St. Petersburg with

nearly sixty rubles in my pocket.

I had now come to the most difficult point of my flight, which seemed more desperate than ever. Still in my pilgrim disguise, I took my modest lodging, and was greatly re-lieved when my landlady (a washerwoman) advised me not to go to the police office with my passport, because she would be obliged to

my passport, because she would be conged to accompany me, and would, therefore, loss much precious time.

I left St. Petersburg on the afternoon of the next day in a boat bound for Riga, and thence walked on through Courland and Lathuania, and passed the Prussian frontier ment of blanks.

Each constable should have an assortment of blanks.

Each constable should have an assortment of blanks.

Each constable should have a road in safety. I had changed my disguise, and when obliged to explain myself, said that I was a dealer in pig skins. I thus succeeded without difficulty of any kind in getting as far as Koenigsburg, but there, on the eve of my departure for Poson, I was arrested and officers of each well regulated township at far as Koenigsburg, but there, on the eve of my departure for Posen, I was arrested and imprisoned as "not being able to give an account of myself."

a passed a month in prison, a prey to terturing anxiety, and then—nothing having been proved against me—I was released and ordered to quit Koenigsburg immediately. I had found an opportunity to confess my identity to a French gentleman living in the neighborhood, and to his generous assistance, and to that of some of the inhabitants of Koenigsburg whom he had interested in my story, I owed the means of traveling so rapidly that I soon crossed the French frontier. On the 23d of September, eight months after leaving Ekaterininski-Zovod, I saw before me the lights of Paris. My desperate flight was accomplished! God in his mercy had brought me to a safe haven. I write these lines far from the scene of my dreary exile, far, alas! from the brave compatriots who suffered with me. Some, I know, are no longer among the living, others still languish in captivity. May God have mercy alike upon the living and the dead!—From the Polish by Mrs. Launt Thompson, in Harper's

Sam's Poetical Effort.

Sam's teacher, upon dismissing school Priday afternoon, requested each one of her alls to bring Monday morning one or more verses of original poetry as a composition. Now, Sam could easily have cut up a cord of wood or ridden an unbroken colt, but to compose poetry was beyond him. He tried unsuccessfully all day Saturday and Sunday. Late Sunday afternoon, worn and miscrable, he strolled down to the river side, seeking inspiration. There he saw a balf sunken flatboat. The divine affatus came and Monday morning he appeared at school and triumphantly presented his teacher the following couplet:

A beat went down into the water:
It went down deeper than it oughter.

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The interstate commerce law forbids railways to charge openly or by device any one person a greater or less compensation for any service rendered in the transporand I drank. It contained some excellent brandy, which revived me at once, but at the same time burned so terribly that I fell on the snow in convulsions. My good friend soothed me, and gave me some bread and dried fish, which I devoured eagerly. We then sat down at the foot of a tree, and my companion explained that he was a trapper, and was now on his way home with the game which be had eaught. He added that he would remain with me until I felt calmer and stronger, and would then conduct me to the nearest izbouchka.

"I thank you with all my heart. May the good God reward you!"

Eltifor what then E be answered kindly.

"That for what then E be answered kindly." ood God reward you!"

"Eh! for wint then?" he answered, kindly.
We are Christians."

He afterward supported me to the door of the izbouchka, where he bade me farewell, modern improved Pullman palace steeping cars, give it a trial and you will always thereafter take the popular route. It is the short line to St. Louis by 48 miles) as well as to all Colorado, California and Washington Territory points. Before purchasing your tickets call at the city ticket office, 157 North Main street. E. E. Blockley, passenger and ticket areast. Bleckley, passenger and ticket agent.

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STORIES OF THE STAGE. One of the Late Lester Wallack's Interest-

ing "Memories." After Garrick had brought in a great deal of wise reform in the way of dress there was a bill again, and no one dared to do anything new. Many generations later my father was cast for the part of Tressel in Cibber's version of "Richard III." Tressel is the youthful messenger who conveys to King Henry VI the news of the murder of his son after the battle of Tewksbury.

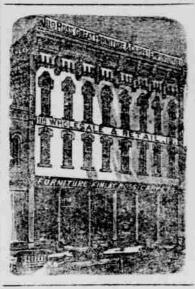
My father, a young, ambitious actor, came on with the feather banging from his cap, all wet, his hair disheveled, one boot torn nearly off, one spur broken, the other gone entirely, his gauntlet stained with blood and his sword snapped in twain, at which old Wewitzer, who was the manager, and had been a manager before my father was born, was perfectly shocked. It was too late to do anything then, but the next morning Wewit-zer sent for him to come to his office, and addressed him thus: "Young man, how do you ever hope to get on in your profession by deliberately breaking all precedent? What will become of the profession if mere boys are allowed to take these liberties! Why sir, you should have entered in a suit of decent black, with silk stockings on and with a white handkerchief in your hand." "What! after defeat and flight from battle? inter-rupted my father. "That had nothing at all to do with it," was the reply. "The propri-eties, sir, the proprieties!"-Scribner's Mag-

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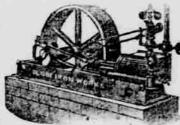
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